The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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FOR THE MINISTRY
SCHOOL

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 9.

JUDGE NOT 59
DAILY BREAD 59
SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREAT DAYS . . . 60
FATHER'S OWN COLUMN:—
"FARMERS' BULLETINS" FROM WASHINGTON 61
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 61
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—
WHEN THE BABY IS SUDDENLY ILL . . 63
JUST FOR FUN 64
THE AMUSEMENT CORNER 64
A PET MAGPIE 65
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—
ABOUT SOME IRISH FAIRIES 65

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air that frets thy sight
May be a token, that, below,
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—
Maybe the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait, and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love, and glory, that may raise
This soul to God in after days.

—*Adelaide Procter.*

DAILY BREAD.

"*Give us this day our daily bread.*"—MATT. vi. 11.

This is the first word in our Lord's great prayer in which we speak of our own needs. We have prayed that His name may be hallowed; that men may know Him in His perfect attributes and may worthily honor Him; that His kingdom, which is over all, may more and more prevail; that His perfect will may be *done* (not simply borne), with free, willing service everywhere as it is by the blessed ones in heaven. All this has taken you away from yourself, if you have really prayed it. It seems as if Christ said to us,—Wait, before you venture to ask for yourself. At the threshold of the Temple, lay aside all selfish thoughts, and try to make your own soul a living temple; when you have done that, you can trust yourself to approach the altar.

Are we then to pray for material gifts? So it would appear, if we are to hearken to Christ. And if for bread (that is, for the common things which we require to keep body and soul together), then for how many of the needs of body and spirit which widen out from that elemental point?

My friends, the deep need of man is the best interpreter of the deep purposes of God. The cry that comes out of the heart of the nature which He has made, testifies truly to the heart of His own nature. It testifies that it is not a cry into dark emptiness but into the darkness where God is,—the answering God.

As we proceed farther and farther into the depth of this prayer, it seems to me that each sentence speaks more and more directly to the special need of our time. Our modern world is divided into two opposite classes of people,—those who overwork and those who do not work at all (or as little as they can); those who carry their own burdens and every one's else, and those who are carried. Both need to draw near to Christ, to learn how the habit of their life, the desire of their souls, should be related to God. To the man who wakes to a new crowded day of business cares, the Master says,—Stop long enough to think that God is the Giver of all, the Source of the opportunity that waits for you to seize it, of the trained powers you will

put forth to get your gains; He is the free, lavish Giver to you of those very things which it is the fashion of our nation and of our age to plume ourselves upon as most distinctly our own! The time must come to every one of us when we shall know that nothing is our own; and that we hang on the great hand of God for the ebbing pulses of this life itself. Surely it will be well if we anticipate a little that attitude of humility and waiting on our unseen Helper. We shall be less likely to be grasping, more inclined to be just and generous too, if we keep this thought of the overflowing treasury of God's free benefits before our minds, thinking not so much of the sternness of His laws and the rigor of His demands upon us, as of His goodness and His grace.

This on the one side; and on the other, for lazy and do-little members of the social order, there is a bracing tonic in this very petition of dependence.

"Give us," we say; but how does He give? Not by the falling of the bread upon us through the air, but through the long process of sowing and reaping, nature and man working together. However your bread comes to you, you have no right to ask that it shall come without your working for it. God gives it to you by giving you a chance to get it,—faculties that you can train to labor, a place in this world that you can find waiting for you to fill it, plenty of opportunity for persistency and fidelity. So the ancient curse in the Garden of Eden in the beginning,—"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," is turned to blessing in the new life of Christendom.

"Bread" is a plain word, but a wholesome one. A little more of that plainness in our thought and our desire would help to scatter the phantoms of discontent which lower in our sky. Not that Christ means to reduce the world to one level and discourage provision for the future;—Whatever you receive more than your daily bread is so much superadded. The more there is, the more duty does it bring with it, to the mind which is touched by His light.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*

SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREAT DAYS.

February 7, 1812, was the birthday of an English boy whose work in after-life gave pleasure to reading people all over the world,—Charles Dickens. For more than thirty years he was the most popular of English writers. Countless thousands of people have laughed over the funny "Pickwick Papers," cried over the pathos of "Dombey and Son" and "The Old Curiosity Shop," and shuddered with sympathetic admiration for the heroic sacrifice of the central figure in the "Tale of Two Cities." And Dickens's novels did more than simply entertain people. Several of them, by their vivid picturing of wrongs and evils in British social life, had a definite and powerful influence in shaping public opinion about the evils, and leading towards much-needed reforms.

February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born in a Kentucky log cabin. We have all heard the story of his boyish hunger for knowledge, and of the patient, persistent hard work through which he advanced in responsibility till he was chosen for the highest position in our nation. We Americans are rightly proud of his clear, vigorous mind that could handle problems of such tragic difficulty. We reverence his absolute loyalty to right and duty as he saw them. We rejoice in his greatness of soul, that made him think only of the good of the whole nation, and kept him free from every stain of narrow selfishness or partisan bitterness. But we do not always realize that to-day the entire civilized world also knows and reveres our Abraham Lincoln, quotes his plain, honest eloquence, and thrills in response to his vision of ideal citizenship.

February 22, 1732, gave us George Washington, another American whose memory is honored in all quarters of the earth. At this present time, when European kingdoms and empires are fallen to pieces, and new forms of government "of the people, by the people, for the people" are coming into existence, we almost forget that our own nation was the very first to try that splendid experiment in human affairs, on any large scale. And of course it was in large measure Washington's personal genius for leadership, his high ideals of right, and his extraordinary ability in planning and carrying out plans, that made our momentous experiment work as it has worked. If Washington had not come into this world as he did and when he did, the history of the human race for the last two hundred years might have been an entirely different story, not alone on this western continent but on all the continents of the globe.

February 24, 1685, gave the world one of its greatest composers of music, George Friedrich Handel. He was German by birth, but spent many of his most productive years in England. His most celebrated works are oratorios,—musical compositions based on Bible stories,—with solos, duets, quartettes, and choruses, that have for more than two hundred years been the wonder and delight of those who have real feeling for music.

Some of his simpler writings are familiar to all of us in the form of hymn tunes, that we have known and loved as long as we can remember,—say the ones called "Christmas" ("Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve") and "Innocents" ("Songs of praise the angels sang"). Many of us know also parts of his most famous oratorio called "The Messiah"; perhaps the solos, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," "O come unto me, all ye that labor," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Even when one is far from any great city church or choral society, victrola and other records often carry these masterpieces of sacred music to homes far away.

FATHER'S OWN COLUMN.

"FARMERS' BULLETINS" FROM WASHINGTON.

Voters differ in opinion as to the wisdom with which our Congress at Washington spends the money that we have contributed in the form of direct or indirect taxes. But about some of the expenditures there can hardly be varying opinions. That two cents should bring us a letter from the son in California and five cents a letter from the neighbor who went to Japan, and ten cents just the article we most need from a mail-order house in Chicago,—these are evidently big advantages over paying the fare and expenses of private messengers to do those same errands! (The postage stamps, as we can readily understand, are practically the Government's official receipt for whatever amounts are paid.)

There are countless ways in which we are all the time being offered practical conveniences and helps, prepared for us by experts in the employ of the Federal Government; that is to say, by our own employees; for in a country like ours we are all a part of the Government.

For one instance, the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D.C., will send monthly, to any man or woman who asks to be put on the Department's mailing-list, a printed bulletin or list of pamphlets and books of interest to farmers. Some of these books and pamphlets are to be had simply for the asking; others have cost so much to produce that a price has to be put upon them. But as a rule, those for which payment must be made are not the ones which would interest a plain farmer or a farmer's wife.

In order to receive such lists, one should write to the

U.S. Department of Agriculture
Division of Publications
Washington, D.C.

giving the writer's full name, post-office, and State, adding either street and number or rural route and box number, according to where one lives. Then, each month, one may look over at his leisure the descriptions of all sorts of helpful pamphlets purposely intended to give practical, up-to-date information and assistance to those whose work is in country districts. And, after consideration, one may ask for whatever seems most likely to be worth while.

Recent *Bulletins*, for example, mention the following pamphlets, to be had without cost, simply by asking for them *by number*, at the address given above: "The Planting and Care of Shade Trees," *Farmers' Bulletin 1209;* "The Fowl Tick and how Premises may be freed from it," *Farmers' Bulletin 1070;* "Sweet-Potato Growing," *Farmers' Bulletin 999;* "Cotton Diseases and their Control," *Farmers' Bulletin 1187;* "Farm Dairy Houses," *Farmers' Bulletin 1214;* "Drying Crude Drugs," *Farmers' Bulletin 1231.* This last is likely to be helpful to any one who wants to gather and sell to wholesale druggists such medicinal herbs as grow in the neighborhood. There are localities where such work can be made a profitable and enjoyable industry.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things or benefited by the same things.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Oakley Rivers is now at 433 Walnut Street, Alpena, Michigan.

Mrs. Elsie Jameson has moved from Elamsville to Dodson, Virginia.

Mrs. Amos Vaughn is now at Athens, Tennessee, Route 8.

Will Miss Carrie Highsmith please send her address? A card with no address has been received.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge 40, Mass. "History of England"; "History of the United States"; "History of the Schools of Painting," Hoyt; Geographies; "The Great Debate of Hayne and Daniel Webster"; "First Bunker Hill Oration and Other Addresses of Daniel Webster"; "Essays of Elia," Lamb; "Poems," Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats; "Hiawatha," "Paul Revere's Ride, The Children's Hour, etc.," Longfellow; "The Ancient Mariner," Coleridge; "Idylls of the King," Tennyson; "The Lady of the Lake," Scott; "Southey's Life of Nelson," Blaisdell; "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Ibáñez; "The Green Mountain Boys," Thompson; "Old Homestead Poems," Wallace Bruce.

REQUESTS.

1. Mrs. J. J. Edwards, Farmville, Virginia, asks for reading for herself and her husband, a sufferer from rheumatism. Address Route 1, Box 76.

2. Mrs. Mary B. Via, Elamsville, Virginia, a hard-working woman with five children, will be grateful for reading matter and other cheer.

3. Mrs. Annie R. Cawdell, 204 Cove Street, Little Rock, Arkansas, a shut-in from rheumatism, living with a wheel-chair invalid, asks for the *Short Story Magazine* or any reading matter that is light to hold.

4. Mrs. Ellen Brubaker, Calloway, Virginia, would be glad to thank all personally, if it were possible, for the good reading and scraps which we sent. She still wishes to be remembered.

5. Mrs. Flora Helms, Marshville, North Carolina, will be glad to receive cards or picture-books for children.

6. I would be pleased to receive the *Delineator, McCall's,* the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Pictorial Review;* any one would be greatly appreciated. I have seven small children, aged eleven years to two weeks. Mrs. T. K. Smith, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 2.

7. Mrs. J. M. Lovin, Rockingham, North Carolina, Route 3, Box 35, asks for the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

8. Books and magazines for children from ten to sixteen years of age are asked for by Mrs. Clara Liner, Englewood, Tennessee, Route 2.

9. Miss Mabel Cutts, Chase City, Virginia, Route 3, would like to receive "The Scottish Chiefs" and "The Last Days of Pompeii."

10. I would greatly appreciate any reading material. I am a farm woman in a very lonesome place. I would also appreciate some quilt pieces. Mrs. A. R. Matthis, Clinton, North Carolina.

11. I have two small children, one two years old and the other two and a half months. I am unable to get reading, as I live in the country, away from any town. I would appreciate any good story-books or magazines. Mrs. Wynona Field, Detroit, Maine, Box 44.

12. Dear old Cheerful Letter friends: It is such a long time since I have heard from any of you! For eighteen years my dear ones have heard of you at times. When I first wrote, my children had lost their dear father; there were five little tots. Five months after he died, a little baby girl came to us. Just think! November ninth she was eighteen. Her father had been dead eighteen years last May. Last February I lost my dear mother, and in July my eldest son; so you can see our hearts are very sad.

I married again thirteen years ago and have two boys,—one born on my fortieth birthday; two years and a day later the other came. I was Mrs. Nellie Churchill,—am now Mrs. Nellie Wilbur.

I am writing to thank you for past kindnesses; and if any one has the *Youth's Companion* to pass on, will she send it to Tommie and Richard? I am alone all day on the ranch, and would appreciate any reading matter; I do love to read. Nellie B. Wilbur, Casa Lorna Ranch, Fallbrook, California.

14. Mrs. Mary J. Bond, Boyd, Texas, Route 1, writes very gratefully of all she has received from Cheerful Letter friends during the thirteen years that she has been a member. She loans all the reading matter sent to her, and hopes to receive more, so that she may be able to pass it on.

15. I am a boy of thirteen years; I would enjoy reading and picture-books. I have a sister who would like some paper dolls and a picture-book. Lyle McAlexander, care of Mrs. J. B. McAlexander, Fieldale, Virginia.

16. Mrs. Bessie Hartzog, Applegrove, North Carolina, will be glad of pictures for her three boys, eight, five, and three years old. The mother has had an anxious fall; all the children have been very ill. Good books for herself and her husband would be most welcome.

17. Mrs. Lizzie Funderburk, Ansonville, North Carolina, Route 1, asks for reading for her four children, fourteen, twelve, ten, and eight years of age. The two eldest are girls who love to read.

18. Mrs. B. W. Johnson, Warsaw, North Carolina, is the mother of four children,—girls of thirteen and seven, boys of nine and two. Reading is very much needed, as they do not even have a paper.

19. I am a young housewife and enjoy reading the *Cheerful Letter* very much. Am writing to ask for some good books and magazines. I would also appreciate quilt pieces. Mrs. Edith Rainwaters, Athens, Texas, Route 1.

20. Miss Effie Linely, Douer, Arkansas, would be glad to receive books and magazines. She lives with her brother and a widowed mother.

21. Mrs. Charles Baucum, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 3, lives far out in the country. She would be glad to have reading matter for herself and cards for her children,—two boys and two girls.

22. Mrs. Grace Newberry, Tryon, Nebraska, would like to have the *Ladies' Home Journal*, also stories for her children, aged five, four, and three years. She is teaching her children at home, as they are not near any school, and would be glad to have helps in the work.

23. A friend of mine has told me of your great work, and I desire to make request for books and magazines through the *Cheerful Letter*. I have eight children. They have all married and left me, except two. I should appreciate some pieces for patchwork, and suitable reading for my two daughters. I should be glad of any good cheer this cold winter, as it is lonesome here in the country. If reference is desired, I refer to the Rev. J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. My address is Mrs. W. G. Wright, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia.

24. I want to thank each of you Cheerful Letter friends that have remembered me in the past, and I hope still to be remembered. I am very lonely; there are just myself and my husband. All my children are married except the youngest boy and he is in the army stationed in Germany. I would be glad of any good books or papers. Especially I would like a medium-sized Bible with large print. Mrs. A. P. Shepherd, 1002 Seventeenth Street, Lynchburg, Virginia.

25. Mrs. Jesse C. Broadaway, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 3, living in the country on a rented farm, finds no money for reading matter. She would appreciate light reading for herself and her husband, and cards for the children, six and three years old; there is a baby eighteen months old. A coarse-print Bible and hymn book are also desired.

26. A school dictionary is asked for by Mrs. Jap Marton, 318 Third Street, Albemarle, North Carolina. She would also be glad to receive any general reading matter and will pass it on.

27. Mrs. Lillie Galliher, Abingdon, Virginia, Route 4, living four miles from town, with seven children, and unable to get schoolbooks for them, will be grateful for any school helps. The children are in grades one to seven.

28. Mrs. Nannie E. Turner, Bassett, Virginia, is the mother of seven children,—three girls aged eighteen, sixteen, and eight; four boys aged fourteen, thirteen, eleven, and six years. She would be thankful for books of recitations and dialogues, and books on drawing. She herself would like to have *Needlecraft*. They live on a farm.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

WHEN THE BABY IS SUDDENLY ILL.

Owing to the extreme sensitiveness of the nervous system of babies and young children, they are liable to have convulsions whenever there is any sudden departure from the rules of health. Most frequently convulsions are due to some error in the diet. Anything that causes indigestion, especially overfeeding and the dangerous habit of giving tastes of food from the table, or any disordered condition of the bowels—constipation and diarrhœa, may cause convulsions. The first thing to do after calling for the doctor is to undress the baby and put its feet and legs in a hot bath of mustard and water (a heaping tablespoonful of mus-

tard to a gallon of water). As soon as they are red, take them out and wrap them in flannel. See that the baby is allowed to breathe plenty of fresh air; then wrap some cracked ice in a napkin and put it on his head. As soon as he can swallow, give him a dose of castor oil. Any other treatment must be left to the doctor. If the error is due to overfeeding, it must be corrected. Under any circumstances, the diet for the next twenty-four hours must be very light. If the convulsions follow exhaustion due to diarrhœa, do *not* apply ice to the head.

Like many other ailments of babies, colic is generally the result of indigestion. There is nearly always some constipation which should be promptly relieved by an injection of warm water. Simple cases can be relieved by gently rubbing the abdomen with olive oil or turning the baby on his stomach on your lap and gently patting the back. It is also often relieved by a teaspoonful of peppermint water. The hands and feet are generally cold. They should be wrapped in some woolen material and a hot flannel applied to the abdomen.

Colic in breast-fed babies may be due to errors in the mother's diet, and sometimes to worry or over-excitement. Then the best remedy is to give the baby a warm bath, which usually relieves the pain and produces sleep. And be sure to give no tastes of any kind of food between the regular times for feeding.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

JUST FOR FUN.

Stranger: "How far is it from here to Swamptown?" Native: "Just nine miles." "How far is it from Swamptown to this place?" "Don't you know that it is as far from one place to another as it is from that place back?" "Oh, I don't know; it is a lot farther from New Year's to Christmas than it is from Christmas to New Year's."

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance." "What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hill and down, through the jungles of doubt and through the swamps of despair?" There was a silence, and then Johnny spoke up. "Please, ma'am," he said, "I know. A Ford."—*The Continent.*

"These apples are dirty," complained the young housekeeper. "Yes," admitted the farmer, "they are windfalls, and that is why I sell them cheap." "You mean they've fallen from the trees but are otherwise all right?" the customer inquired; then she bought them. Several days later she called the farmer's wife on the telephone. "I ordered the *best* cucumbers for pickling," she said sharply, "and you've sent me windfalls!" "Sent *what!*" gasped the farmer's wife. "*Windfall* cucumbers! I can tell; there's dirt on them!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE AMUSEMENT CORNER.

(Address everything relating to the Amusement Corner to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.)

1.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why do the Germans spell culture with a "K"?
2. What is the difference between a cat's feet and a comma?
3. Of what trade are all of the Presidents?

2.

TWISTED AUTOMOBILES.

1. Dorf.
2. Dalcalic.
3. Kicub.
4. Eodgd.
5. Lamexlw.
6. Itfa.

3.

A WORD SQUARE.

1. The time after dark.
2. A waster of time.
3. An open space in the woods.
4. A fence formed by shrubs.
5. That which gives shade.

All of the above puzzles are from the *Beacon.*

Answers to the puzzles in the January number will appear in a later number.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness
That all may gladly board thee as a flower.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.
—*George Herbert.*

A PET MAGPIE.

A sixteen-year-old boy wrote to *Bird Lore:*—

We lived in Wasco County, Oregon, for three years, and my two brothers and I had experiences with birds there. When we first got "Mag," our magpie, he had only a few feathers. We found him two miles from where we lived, and carried him in one of our hats; then we transferred him to a crow's nest. He lived in that nest until he was old enough to sit on a perch.

Whenever he was hungry, he would open his mouth, and we fed him worms, grasshoppers, and curd cheese. He also liked bread and milk. When he was old enough to follow us around, he would come to us for his food, and we would dig up worms for him, which he would pick up and swallow.

We started talking to him when he could just sit on a perch (always saying the same thing), so that he might learn to talk. About the time he was learning to eat by himself, he began to try to talk. He kept improving until within the next month he learned to whistle and call the dog, to say "Hello, Mag," "Pretty Mag," and several other things. He also learned to laugh like a person. He talked best when strangers were around; he liked to hop on their feet and peck at their shoes. He was killed by accident.—*Oliver Crandall.*

(The head of the Audubon Society says: "Remember, it is not necessary to *do anything* whatever to such a bird to enable him to talk. It takes simply kindness, patience, and perseverance."—ED.)

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

So few workers, in proportion to the whole number, give themselves loyally and unreservedly to their immediate duty, that if you thus give yourself you cannot but succeed. Thousands of people in small positions whine because their talents are thrown away —because their ability has no elbow-room. It is not elbow-room they need; it is "elbow-grease"; it is energy and strength. Their very whining shows they are too small for the place they are in now. When the right kind of person has too small a place he does his work so well as to make the place bigger; people see more in it than they ever saw before.—*Le Baron Briggs.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

ABOUT SOME IRISH FAIRIES.

Almost every country has its own fairy-tales, but Ireland is richer than other lands in fanciful stories of fairy-folk. There are nice old grandmothers in Ireland now who could talk for hours about the Little People. Sometimes these queer beings look like our own kind of people, only much smaller,—perhaps a foot or only a few inches tall, dressed in green coats and wee red caps. Sometimes they are not actually seen at all; one only guesses their whereabouts by noticing what happens.

There is one very old Irish tale about Knockshegowna (that means "the Hill of the Fairy Calf"). They say that a certain troop of fairies took it into their small heads to object to the pasturing of the neighbors' cows on a particular slope where they liked to dance. They played all sorts of disagreeable tricks on the men who took care of the cows, hoping to drive them away to other pastures. At last the queen of the fairies determined to end the bother, once for all. She turned herself into a big, long-legged calf, ran between the herdsman's legs so as to take him on her back, and then jumped ten miles, across the river Shannon and back again. But that did not scare the herdsman one bit! He kept both his seat and his temper. And the fairy queen so admired his pluck, that she commanded her Little People to give up the dispute and let the herdsman pasture his cattle there as long as he chose.

There is also in Ireland a place called by a name that means "Bottle Hill"; and this is the story the Irish grandmothers tell about it: A poor man was once driving his cow to Cork to sell her. While he was going over that hill he was suddenly joined by a queer little bit of an old man, who bought the cow for a bottle. When the farmer went home, he spread a cloth on the table, set the bottle on the cloth, and said (as the stranger had taught him), "Bottle, do your duty." Immediately two tiny fairies came up out of the bottle, covered the table with the most delicious things to eat, all served in dishes of gold and silver, and then, themselves, disappeared from sight down the bottle's neck. He found he could do this at any time when he felt hungry; and the gold and silver dishes which were left over could always be sold in town for a good price. He soon became quite rich and grand. But a neighbor who induced him to gossip about the source of his wealth borrowed the bottle and would not return it. After that the farmer's fortunes went down as fast as they had mounted; it was not long

before he again had to start for Cork to sell the only cow left on the place.

Climbing the same long hill again, he met the old fairy, and again he sold his cow for a fairy bottle. He hurried home and tried the same method he had used before. But—alas for him!—the two beings that came out of this new bottle were big, ugly fellows, armed with stout clubs; and they gave him a terrible beating. When they had finished that dismal job and gone back into their bottle, the farmer took the bottle and went to offer it to his dishonest neighbor. The neighbor at that very moment was enjoying a stolen feast. He was greedily eager to get whatever extra treat might be coming from this second fairy gift, so he too repeated the call, "Bottle, do your duty."

Out jumped the two villanous fairies and gave him and his friends such a thrashing that he was glad to restore the first bottle to the rightful owner, in order to get relief. And the farmer and his family lived, rich and happy, for many a long year.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters, and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions directly under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and four such libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.